

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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VOL. 36.—No. 28.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1858.

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LAURENT'S ROYAL QUADRILLE BAND.—New Office, at Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 24, Holles-street, where full particulars may be had.

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BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in aid of the Funds of the GENERAL HOSPITAL, on the 31st of August, and the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of September next. President—The Earl of DARTMOUTH.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL, August 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th. Principal performers—Madame Clara Novello, Miss Louisa Winding, Madame Weiss, Mrs. Clara Hopworth, Miss Lescelles, Madame Viardot, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Weiss. Programmes may be obtained, after July 5th, of the Conductor, Mr. Townshend, The Close, Hereford.

MADAME DE LOZANO'S MATINÉE MUSICALE, at which she will introduce, by general desire, some of her most admired native Spanish songs, on Monday, July 12th, at half-past two, at Willis's Rooms, assisted by Mad. Rudersdorff and Madlle. Pinoli, Sig. Marras, Mr. Allan Irving, Miss Chatterton, Herr E. Behn, and Mr. Oscar de la Cima. Reserved seats, 15s., to be secured only at Mad. de Lozano's, 53, Colchill-street, Eaton-square; tickets, 10s. 6d., at the principal music-sellers.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF, MISS PALMER, MR. GEORGE PERREN, MR. THOMAS, SIGNOR RANDEGGER, and HERR MOLIQUE.—These distinguished artists will make a tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland during the months of October and November. All applications respecting engagements for oratorios, concerts, &c., to be made forthwith to Mapleson and Co., Clarence Chambers, 12, Haymarket, London.

TO LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.—Mr. CHARLES SALAMAN is prepared to make ENGAGEMENTS to deliver, during the ensuing Autumn, in the Provinces, his new and Popular CONCERT-LECTURES—"The Dramatic Compositions of Handel and his Contemporaries" and "The Dramatic Compositions of Carl Maria Von Weber," with Vocal and Instrumental Illustrations.—For terms, dates, and Syllabus, address 36, Baker-street, Portman-square, W.

CRYSTAL PALACE, Friday next, July 16.—GRAND FESTIVAL CONCERT, under the direction of M. Benedict, in the large Handel Orchestra. The following eminent artists have already accepted engagements:—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Stabach, Miss Louisa Fyne, Madame Weiss, Miss Dolby, and Madame Gassier—her first appearance at the Crystal Palace; Herr Dick, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The Band, including 40 first violins, 40 second violins, 20 altos, 28 violoncellos, and 23 double basses (with equal proportion of wind instruments), will number upwards of 200 performers, and be composed of the elite of the profession. The choir, including the Vocal Association, will number 800 vocalists, being a total of 1,000 performers. In the course of the concert Bach's triple concerto for three pianofortes, and Maurer's Quartette for four violins and orchestra. Conductors, M. Benedict and Mr. Mann. Price of tickets, 2s. 6d. until Wednesday, the 14th of July; after that date the price will be 5s. Season ticket holders have the right of admission on the occasion.—Seats and Tickets to be obtained at the Office, No. 2, Exeter Hall. Reserved seats, 2s. 6d. extra each stall. Also at music-sellers and principal libraries.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Reserved Seat Tickets, 2s. 6d. each, for MR. BENEDICT'S FESTIVAL CONCERT on Friday next, 16th July, are now on sale at the usual agents, at the Crystal Palace, and at No. 2, Exeter Hall.

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MR. LOUIS RAKEMANN begs respectfully to announce that he will give a Concert of CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC on Thursday morning, 16th July, at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, assisted by the following artists:—Violin, Mr. Joseph Joachim; Viola—Mr. Webb; Violoncello—M. Pague; Pianoforte—Mr. Charles Hallé. Programme:—Quartet in G minor for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, Mozart; Sonata quasi Fantasia, Op. 27, Beethoven; Prelude and Fugue for violin, Seb. Bach; Fantasia for pianoforte à quatre mains in F minor, Mozart; Capriccio in E for pianoforte, Mendelssohn; Sonata for piano and violin in A, Beethoven. Tickets, Half-a-guinea for Reserved Seats, and 7s. for Unreserved Seats, may be at the principal Music-sellers.

V. R.

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MUSIC FOR BRASS BAND.—Boosey's New Brass Band Journal is published every month, for eight performers, price 4s.; and for sixteen performers, price 7s. per number. The instrumentation is as follows:—1st and 2nd Cornets, B flat; 1st and 2nd Valve Bugles, B flat; 1st and 2nd Althorns, E flat; Althorn, B flat; Euphonion, B flat (eight performers); Soprano Cornet, E flat; 1st and 2nd Trumpet, E flat; 1st and 2nd Horns, E flat; 1st and 2nd Trombones—Bombardon, E flat; Drums, ad lib. (sixteen performers). The number for July contains the "Maud Valse" and "Marguerite Polka," by Laurent. Full particulars gratis. Boosey and Sons, 24 and 28, Holles-street.

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*. BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

ON "PERFUNCTION."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MR. EDITOR,—One of your contemporaries being, I observe, at sea, respecting the signification of the word *perfunctory*, he ought, with all others in the same condition, to be informed that *perfunctory* means "*fighting the shadow*," or in other words, trying to take careful scientific aim at an object, and hitting something quite beyond it. The phrase "*fighting the shadow*" is, however, most expressive of its meaning. The word can be very effective in the *répertoire* of a satirist; its full value would be known to newspaper writers, were they not generally better acquainted with cigars, brandy and water, and flippancy, than with philology.

Yours, respectfully,

BEETHOVENIAN.

[We appreciate the civility of our correspondent, but not his interpretation of the word "*perfunctory*."—Ed. M. W.]

BRADFORD NOT YORKSHIRE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—On looking over your last Saturday's publication, I find that in your notice of the rehearsal for the performances in the Crystal Palace on the 2nd instant, you state that 200 Yorkshire vocalists were present, including the Bradford Choral Society. Allow me to inform you and the metropolitan public generally, that the 200 named by you were Bradford people, and did not comprise the pick of Yorkshire vocalists. It is the impression here that the invitation was for the same persons who sang at the great "Handel Festival;" if so, the Bradford people have done sore injustice to the singers of Leeds, Huddersfield, and Halifax. Had the 200 singers from Bradford been tested, apart from the rest, they would have proved their utter inability to take part in such an affair, and also that they were totally unfit to represent Yorkshire, as they falsely have done.

If you, Mr. Editor, or any of your correspondents can explain the matter, you will oblige the writer and a great number of your musical friends.

Yorkshire, July 5, 1858.

FAIRPLAY.

THE LATE LINDLEY OR THE PRESENT PIATTI.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Will you please favour me with a reply to the following question? By so doing you will much oblige your obedient servant,

A LOVER OF MUSIC.

"Was the late Lindley or Piatti the best player on the violoncello?"

Manchester, July 8.

[Apply to Sig. Piatti.—Ed. M. W.]

THE HACKNEY ORGAN.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Reading the interesting communication on Organs, in your last, and observing that the reeds of the Hackney organ are cited as the original work of Snetzler, I should feel particularly interested in knowing on what information your correspondent (who seems quite "up to the mark" in organ matters,) has based his observation. I have always understood, from books and otherwise, that none of Snetzler's work remains in that instrument, the present organ being the manufacture of England, with improvements and enlargement by Gray.

There is a curious and little-known organ at Great St. Bartholomew, West Smithfield, containing some exceedingly good reed-work—very good indeed for the age of the organ, which must have been erected about 1726, and by Harris and Byfield, I believe. At St. James, Garlickhithe, there is a very curious organ, nearly in its original state, without pedals or couplers, or, indeed, any modern appliances (it has a swell), all the keys black and white, reversing the modern arrangement. This little known organ is one of Smith's, and has good work in it, but the remark of your intelligent correspondent is quite borne out in this instance, as the reeds are not over and above good. The city churches no doubt contain many organs interesting on account of their age and singularity. There is a very singular little organ of the 18th century at St. Matthew's, Friday-street. It possesses still a "mounted cornet," a stop rarely to be met

with now-a-days, and which had for many years, in this instance been so completely in disuse, that we may truly say that it was discovered by the present rector and a friend, gentlemen who have both the will and ability to protect and care for the church organ.

I should also like to call the attention of your "organ hunting" readers to the instrument at that once noble and yet interesting church (used by the Dutch as their place of meeting) in the Austenfriars. The organ there is a very quaint, odd looking one; there is not such another in London. It is of the 17th century, and would, no doubt, repay examination by those who have sufficient fortitude to brave the Dutch vergers and service.

The collection of facts, anecdotes, and descriptions similar to those given by your correspondent, would be indeed interesting to those who love the organ and have a taste for the antiquities of its history. The existing works, elaborate as they are, are not free from short comings on this point, while materials exist that would form the nucleus for a little volume, very interesting and useful to the musical antiquary. Would that your correspondent would favour us with one.

DIAPASON.

DR. MARK'S GRAND MUSICAL JUBILEE.

(From the Manchester Examiner.)

THIS event came off at the Free Trade Hall, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and was most successful, both with respect to the performances of Dr. Mark's Little Men and the attendance, upwards of 28,000 people, young and old, having been present in the course of the three days. The series was opened with an evening concert on Monday, on which occasion a number of highly gratifying testimonials were presented to Dr. Mark. After the first piece in the second part, a deputation from the parents of the "Little Men" appeared on the platform, and Mr. William Fogg, in their names, read the following address to Dr. Mark:—

"TO DR. MARK.

"Dear Sir,—We the parents and guardians of your happy Little Men, feeling exceedingly anxious to present you with some suitable memento of our gratitude to you, and our entire approbation of your unwearied efforts to promote the comfort and welfare of those dear to us, have availed ourselves of this occasion—the 28th of June, being your birthday—as a fitting opportunity to present you with a gold watch and chain. At the same time, also, we would beg your acceptance for your worthy partner, Mrs. Mark, of a silver tea-service, as intended to assure her of our universal approval of her motherly care and solicitude for her adopted numerous, and we fear at times, troublesome family. To Mrs. Mark, sir, we would have you to convey our warmest attachment and united thanks for her great kindness to our children—she being to them, in their many wanderings through the towns of England and Scotland, what a mother would be at home. Her worth is best known to them, as they have experienced her kindness at all times, and have cheerfully related to us, at home, how very much they are attached to their adopted mother. We must, therefore, beg of you, sir, that she will be pleased to accept this our poor return, for her kindness and care to the children, extended as it is over a period of two, in some cases more, years. To yourself, as the originator of a new plan of musical education, we tender our best thanks, and only regret that in words or by any testimonial, we shall entirely fail in expressing to you our approbation of your conduct. The highest compliment we can pay you is this:—that a more liberal, kind hearted, and well-beloved guardian the boys could not have, and that as your conduct is for kindness to them before this audience, so it is in your own private lodgings, when the eye of the public is far away. Wishing you many happy returns of your birthday, and hoping you and your worthy partner may live long and enjoy many blessings, we beg to subscribe ourselves, yours."

(Here follow the signatures of the Parents and Guardians of the Little Men.)

Mr. Fogg then presented Dr. Mark with a valuable gold watch and chain, the watch bearing the following inscription:—

"Presented to Dr. Mark, on his birthday, June 28, 1858, by the parents and guardians of his Little Men, in testimony of their grateful appreciation of his unwearied kindness and solicitude for the children confided to his care."

Mr. Fogg also presented to Mrs. Mark a silver tea-pot, bearing the following inscription:—

"Presented to Dr. Mrs. Mark by the parents of Dr. Mark's band of

Little Men, to testify their gratitude for her unceasing efforts to promote the comfort and happiness of their children."

Immediately after the presentation a most interesting scene took place, all the Little Men themselves coming forward, headed by the senior boy, presented to Dr. Mark a silver *baton*. The senior Little Man read the following address:—

"TO DR. MARK.

"DEAR SIR,—On behalf of myself and fellow pupils we beg of you to accept of this silver *baton*, as a small token of our gratitude and love. We also beg to offer you our united thanks for the many acts of kindness that we are daily receiving at your hands. We thank you, sir, not only for your bountiful supply of the necessities of life, but for your unceasing care of our health, and constant endeavour to provide for our instruction, amusement, and happiness. We pray God to bless and reward you; and we wish you many happy returns of your birth day.

"Presented June 28th, 1858."

(Here follow the names of Dr. Mark's Little Men.)

The *baton* bore the following inscription:—

"Presented to Dr. Mark by his Little Men, as a token of their gratitude and attachment to him.—Free Trade Hall, Manchester, June 28th, 1858."

Dr. Mark, evidently impressed with the sentiments contained in the addresses, stated that, both on Mrs. Mark's and his own behalf he felt deeply grateful for the honours conferred upon him, and for the kind manifestations of feeling towards him with which the presentations had been accompanied. At the conclusion of the last performance on Wednesday, when the hall was crowded in every part, another testimonial was presented to Dr. Mark by Mr. Dible in the name of the superintendents, teachers, and scholars of the day and Sunday-schools of Manchester and Salford, of which the following is a copy:—

"TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO DR. MARK BY THE SUPERINTENDENTS, TEACHERS, AND SCHOLARS OF THE DAY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOLS IN MANCHESTER AND SALFORD, JUNE 30, 1858, AT THE FREE-TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.

"DEAR SIR,—For the extraordinary pleasure which your grand musical jubilee has given to so many thousands of the children and parents connected with our schools, we, the undersigned superintendents, teachers, and scholars, beg leave, most respectfully, to return you our sincere and heartfelt thanks. The facilities which you have so liberally afforded of allowing every one (at a mere nominal charge) to enjoy this great and really intellectual treat, is a proof of the deep interest which for years you have taken in the promulgation of vocal and instrumental music; and we fully endorse your noble wishes, that music may become more familiar, not only amongst the wealthy, but at every cottager's fireside. That music will become more popular every year is a fact which cannot be disputed; and in making Manchester your permanent home, we greet you with the warmest welcomes, feeling convinced that you are the right man in the right place, and that by your endeavours to disseminate a love and taste for music amongst the rising generation, you will be hailed by all with the liveliest gratitude, and receive every encouragement. In presenting this testimonial to you, dear sir, we are deeply sensible of the responsibility which attaches to all who are engaged in the tuition of youth; and we sincerely trust that your unceasing labours will be crowned with triumphant success; and that your praiseworthy efforts may induce the Council of National Education to make the study of music (instrumental as well as vocal) an essential branch of education in its national schools, and thus give their powerful aid to one who has laboured for so many years to establish musical institutions throughout this great empire. In conclusion, accept our best thanks; and allow us to express the hope that, as a resident here, your future career may be both prosperous and happy, and wishing you, Mrs. Mark, and all your Little Men every success.—We are, dear sir, yours truly,

"THE SUPERINTENDENTS, TEACHERS, AND SCHOLARS OF THE SCHOOLS OF MANCHESTER AND SALFORD."

If anything had been wanting to assure Dr. Mark of the favourable opinion entertained respecting him by the citizens of Manchester, it has now been furnished in the complete success of his musical jubilee, and in the enthusiastic reception given to him in connection with his concerts, which were intended to be introductory to the opening of his new musical institution in this city, in which laudable enterprise we wish him the most hearty success.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA,

BY A MUSICIAN.
(Continued from page 420.)

THREE concerts satisfied the Marysvillians, and after a long cabinet council our determination was made to penetrate the northern mines, yea, even unto Downieville, the *Ultima Thule* (at that time) of civilisation. Our ideas were rather indistinct as to the propriety, or even feasibility of going there; we knew that there was a long journey to be made on mules, that our luggage would have to be packed upon the same useful animals; that there was no pianoforte there, and no waggon road to take one by. However, when you have made up your mind to do a certain thing, the best way is to go to work with energy and do it without further bother. I had heard that a billiard-table in sections had been packed there, and that with great difficulty a printing-press (the advanced guard of civilisation) had been conveyed by a teamster named Hastings, who had gained considerable renown by the feat; and as Hastings had a farm near Captain Sutters, I took a trip to Hock Farm, where I was most kindly received by the hospitable old gentleman, returning his hospitality by tuning his pianoforte, and through his good offices found my teamster, who, after great demur, and considerable diplomatic tact upon my part, consented to convey a square pianoforte to a mountain top, three miles from Downieville, from thence I was to use my own ingenuity in conveying it down a nearly perpendicular pass into the town below. I had to provide him with ropes and blocks, had the piano securely packed in an iron bound case, with rope-beckets or handles at the sides and ends, and sent two men with him to assist. We then started in a large open carriage or rather waggon, accompanied to Park's Bar, the first mining camp upon our route, by the votary of Flora, Pomona, and Ceres, and another friend, a Scotchman, a Mr. Peter Robinson, one of the kindest hearted, merry souls on earth, who is now gone to his long home. Light and green be the turf that covers him, for good and noble was the heart beneath it. Leaving Marysville we entered a large prairie, which was already stripped of its spring carpet of beautiful flowers, and saw in the distance upon our left, rising out of the flat prairie, like Gibraltar from the sea, the Buttes, as they are called, a group of sugar-loaf-shaped elevations, that in the rays of the setting sun are of a brilliant purple, and present a mass of gorgeous colouring that would have rendered Turner distracted. Looking ahead we saw the lofty summits of the Sierras, crowned with snow, the greenish whiteness of the east most beautifully contrasting with the glowing west. At least fifteen miles of the flat and uninteresting prairie had to be passed, and we began to enter and gradually ascend the mountains. The road was very good and crowded with every conceivable kind of conveyance, vehicular, equestrian, and pedestrian. Swart miners with their noble beards, with rolled up blankets, and the long rifle slung behind them, and bowie knife and revolver at their sides passed us, some winding cityward with the produce of a year's labour and risk of life, to lose their all at the gambling table, or revel like hogs in what they termed "a jolly good bender," while the anxious faces and clean shaved appearance of the new comers seemed to excite in them feelings of ineffable disdain. As we advanced, the trees (all oaks) increased in size, and trickling rills of water gave life and verdure to the dried-up earth; while around the roots of the trees the sweet prairie flowers seemed to nestle, as if imploring protection from the parching heat.

It was evening when we arrived at Park's Bar, and we were for the first time among gold-mining operations, which are here, as at most camps upon the Tuba and its branches, what are called river claims. Now although the precious ore, root of all evil, *præ pecuniarum*, (or which ever of the thousand and one terms of endearment you like to call it), has often been the stimulus to bards, inciting them to "High oh! Peans," (as a mercantile friend of mine pleasantly terms them), yet, anything more unpoetical than actual gold mining it is not easy to conceive. The mountains around are of course gloriously beautiful, with their growth of giant oaks and pines, but Heaven keep me from the occupation of sitting on the banks of a muddy stream with a tin water-dipper in one hand, and the handle of a cradle

in the other, the sun baking your brains, while your lower extremities are in the water, and you sit bobbing away, like a mandarin in a tea-shop. Talk of gold mining, pooh! the treadmill is a jovial institution compared to it. And then the delightful occupation of fluming, viz.: directing the stream of a river into a new channel built or cut to receive it, and adding insult to injury by making the rapid stream turn water-wheels to pump its own bed dry, while you (up to your middle in ice-cold water) denude its bottom of the precious metal deposited in beds and crevices (or pockets as they are called) and entail upon yourself inflammatory rheumatism to the end of your days. "Go, get thee gone, I'll none of thee!" Our method of advertising a concert in the small mining towns had, to say the least of it, the advantage of novelty. It consisted of the primitive method of calling the stragglers for miles around by firing a cannon at six o'clock, a method adopted of making a gathering when at first the Indians were troublesome. This is much cheaper than printing or advertising, and the programme chalked upon a board has all the utility of type, as well as the charm of novelty. I am not aware if this plan would succeed at the Hanover-square Rooms, but I think it might be perfectly in keeping with a "Verdi Night" at Exeter Hall, or the idea might be valuable as a new "wrinkle" to Jullien for a new polka. At all events, it seldom failed to draw us full houses, and if our audiences were not clothed in purple and fine linen, and didn't look a bit like lilies of the valley, Solomon in all his glory never enjoyed himself half so well. I cannot take my leave of Park's Bar without giving my humble meed of praise to the perseverance, puncturability, and marvellous agility of the fleas. Their industry is positively miraculous; sleep was out of the question, and we arose in the morning looking as if we had been stabbed all over with darning needles; and their vast numbers I can only account for by adopting the ingenious hypothesis of a friend, who firmly believed that they had an affection for the Spanish language. It is barely possible, though, that the large numbers of mules may have something to do with it. Suffice it to say, that one night made us heartily sick of our fleabotomization, and we gaily started in our waggon the next morning for Foster's Bar, still higher in the mountains, from which point our mule journey was to begin; and having started the pianoforte up the opposite bank of the Yuba, to meet us at Downieville, as the sun was just piercing the tops of the pines upon the summits of the surrounding mountains our cavalcade departed, and we travelled for thirty miles or more upon a very rough road, and through forests of the most noble timber that can be conceived. To give some idea of its usefulness, I need only mention that I have seen a shingle (a strip of pine about a quarter of an inch thick,) taken from a sugar pine, over a hundred feet in length, without a knot or blemish in the straight grain; while as to girth of trunk, I measured one glorious monarch of the woods, by extending my arms, and, going round it finger to finger, made nine marks, or, in rough measurement, eighteen yards in circumference. Nor will this appear an exaggeration to any of my readers who have seen the Mammoth Tree in the Crystal Palace, which, cut at eight feet above the ground, was of much larger growth, being at first, before the shrinking of the bark from dryness, about twenty-two yards in circumference. The various shrubs which are so prized in England, as ornaments to shrubberies, now began to be very plentiful; various laurels, hollies, azalias, rhododendrons, syringas, and two new shrubs, the mancenita, and the buck-eye, or dwarf horse-chestnut, giving beauty and perfume to the senses; while innumerable flowers, including the perennial lupin, larkspurs of many varieties, with their kindred plants, the glorious white garden lily, and the Turk's cap, or tiger lily (which grows like a Chinese pagoda), columbines, yellow pansies, mallows, convolvuli, and hundreds of varieties of beautiful flowers that I could not name, gave a beauty to the silent woods,—silent as death save when a dry branch falls with crackling sound, which can be heard "in the dim aisles of the forest" a great distance; for singing birds there are none, if we except the owl, who can scarcely be said to belong to a musical family. It was night when we arrived at the summit of a mountain overlooking Foster's Bar, and, to our dismay, found that heavy rains had washed away the steep

road, until it was reduced to a mass of overhanging rock and rugged ravine. Below, over the tops of the pines, we could see the lights in the village, which made our forlorn position doubly provoking. There was no help for it; no horses could descend the pass, and we had to leave them, with all our luggage, the waggon, and the driver to keep watch, until we could send him help from below. Then the Count and I, taking the little woman in our arms by turns, essayed the pass, and such a trio of gruntings and groanings was never heard, as we toiled down the abominable abyss. Soon, however, the trouble was over, and upon arriving at the foot, we were literally in the arms of two friends from New York, who had been settled at the Bar about two years—commencing business, one with a fiddle, the other with a head full of legal lore; neither a very promising capital, you will say, but they had gone to work with a will, had built a beautiful cottage—which was instantly given up to the comfort of the lady—who was looked upon by the rough-hearted denizens as something almost divine, there being but three females within thirty miles. Nothing could be kinder than the behaviour of the miners to us all. They sallied up the mountains, with torches, to relieve our driver and his charge. For at least six hours we were immersed in a grand chat and pow-wow over matters and things at home; and in this hospitable place we stayed two days to recruit our strength, and be ready for fresh toils. Upon preparing for our equestrian journey, no side-saddle was to be found for the lady, so she had to equip herself, *en cavalier*, borrowing a pair of indispensables for the purpose, and about ten o'clock of a fine bright morning we departed, amid the good wishes of our friends, three amiable-looking babes in the wood as we were. The bridle-paths were so rugged that any quicker progression than a walk was out of the question; and as we often met returning mule-teams with baggage, it required no little ingenuity to avoid them, for they are no respecters of persons, and seem to take an equine delight in rubbing against your legs with the boxes and bales which are suspended at their sides; and when this takes place upon a narrow bridle-path, on the side of a mountain seven or eight hundred feet high, it is positively dangerous. We had made about eight miles by noon, and stopped at a ranch (*Anglo*, farm) to rest, and then pursue our journey, which would be for fifteen or sixteen miles through a wilderness, with not an habitation till we arrived at the close of the first day's journey—a resting place exulting in the euphonious appellation of Nigger Tent. We had got about half way, when I (being in advance) caught sight of an encampment of Mountain Indians, a very different race from the filthy Diggers of the Plains. As we approached, about a dozen gentlemen stood up "with bended bow and quiver full of arrows," and seemed disposed to dispute our passage through their camp. I drew my revolver, and called to the Count to do the same, since if we were to be spitted like larks, we might as well have a shot for it. But, just like him, although he had an abominable thing like an ugly pepper-box, he had carefully locked it up in his trunk, and of course he did not know where *that* was; so there was no help for it, and we proceeded till I caught sight of an object that made me scream with laughter. This was a lady, evidently a belle of the tribe, who had procured a Yankee sun-bonnet and a little child's tippet, and in this airy costume (and nothing else) she was parading up and down with an air of dignity that I defy the most crinoline-damsel in London to equal. Laughter, they say, is catching, for the rest of the tribe (who no doubt were jealous of the finery) grinned like monkeys, and seeing our lady in pantaloons, who really made a pretty-looking boy, with her broad straw hat and curls, squeaked out repeatedly, "Dama, dama," and established friendly relations in an instant. The bows were put aside, and we tried to get up a conversation, which ended in their very good humouredly sending one of their party to guide us on our way and make friends with an outlying party which we passed further on. And so ends our first and last adventure with "ye salvages." As we advanced the scenery grew wilder and wilder, and we were evidently attaining a considerable elevation, for in the ravines, hidden from the hot sun, masses of frozen snow lay, which gave us an exquisite beverage in the icy streams which trickled from them. We at length arrived at the close of our

first day's journey, mightily tired, and found Nigger Tent to be a large hotel, built, of course, of wood. It was perfectly embowered in a lofty forest, and made a most picturesque appearance. We were the solitary travellers who had arrived, and we found that salt pork was all "that the market afforded." This, transformed into rashers, did well enough for us men; but the landlord (a quiet, sententious young fellow of about two-and-twenty), said that he would get something more delicate for the lady, and walked off into the woods with a long rifle. We shortly heard two ringing shots, and back he stalked with a couple of plump robins (not the little English birds, but gentlemen as big as rooks), which he had shot cleanly with a bullet through the head, as they were preparing for a cozy night upon the top of a huge pine-tree. These dickey-birds were a great comfort to the internals of the lady, who for the previous two hours had been making the woods ring with *solfeggi*—which practice is a great assistance to the appetite. We were too tired to sit up late, and laid in a large stock of sleep to prepare for the next day, starting bright and early the next morning for our final destination. The country now became wildly beautiful, and when we arrived at the summit of Goodyear's Hill (as a lofty descent of five miles in length is termed), the scene was sublime in the extreme. This place, Goodyear's Bar, is at the junction of one of the forks of the Yuba, and has been a great natural place of deposit for the glittering ore. It has quite a large mining town, and every description of mining is carried on there. Our descent of the mountain was not only toilsome but perilous, as a false step on the part of your mule would have precipitated you down a precipice that seemed fathomless; but the sure-footed little animals carefully picked their way and landed us safely at the bottom, when, upon surveying the towering alps around us, it seemed as if we had come down the side of a house, and were deposited in the area.

(To be continued.)

THE COUNTRY AND MUSICIANS.

(From *La France Musicale*.)

THE emigration of artists is complete. In a few days more, there will not be one left in Paris, except M. Auber, who alone braves the heat of the Boulevards and theatres in the dog-days. The Conservatory gives its bantlings a holiday; the professors hang their lyre at the head of their bed, and are off. "O, country! meadows, valleys, mountains, streams, hill-sides, and shepherd's pipes, I salute you!"—exclaims, with tender emotion, the musician, who, during six months of cold, has, in vain, courted his rebellious fancy, or submitted to listen, at all hours of the day and night, to the gamut executed by his pupils. "O country!—with thy chirruping grasshoppers, murmuring waters, warbling birds, sighing breezes, and answering echoes—with thy leaves, trees, alleys, shepherds, goats, cows, and everything else that lives in the open air, far from cities and their asphalt pavements—once more I salute you!"

Will any one believe it! In the midst of this general exclamation, one voice is silent; among all the generals and soldiers serving in the same army, a single captain, or, I should rather say, field-marshal, remains insensible to the beauties of the country. It is M. Auber. M. Auber is a child of Paris. Do not speak to him of flowers, save such as blossom in the Passage de l'Opéra; his verdure, his trees, and his palaces, are those which MM. Séchan, Despléchin, Thierry, Cambon, etc., daub on the canvas scenes of the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique. "Why should I travel?" asked M. Auber, one day, "have I not in the theatre everything Nature can offer? From the ocean, with its vessels tossed about by the winds, to the cascades of Switzerland; from the palaces of Golconda and the Greek and Roman temples, to the simple huts of Brittany and Normandy; from kings and emperors, to the angler with his rod; and from the wildest mountains to the most smiling plains, I find everything at the Opéra. Besides, there is something I do not meet with in your woods, and that is the little frisking feet, the shapes that twist about like spindles—those pretty children of the air, vulgarly called *danseuses*. Then again, if you could show me, far away from here, unknown

countries, and incomparable castles, I should always miss an orchestra and voices to lend them animation. I am so accustomed to all the whistling, singing, scraping noises of the opera, that the country without an orchestral accompaniment would, for me, resemble a churchyard. I am shown a mountain lighted up by the rays of the sun, with processions of soldiers and peasants; it is very fine! But when a gigantic *finale* bursts upon this effect of light, it is sublime! Such is my creed." In fact, M. Auber has never been beyond the Bois de Boulogne all his life,* or, if he has, by chance, wandered as far as Fontainebleau or Compiègne, he has thought, on again beholding the Boulevards, that he had returned from a journey of a thousand leagues. Such illusions should be respected. Who knows? It is, perhaps, to this antipathy for travelling, and this doating fondness of the capital, that M. Auber is indebted for the fact of having preserved the freshness of his melodic ideas, and the springtime of his mind.

As for M. Meyerbeer, he cares neither for town nor country; he lives for music alone—his own, of course. He has taken a liking to Spa, and if his sovereign conferred on him the right of hanging or decorating the editors of *La France Musicale*, it is from Spa that he would date his decrees. It is to Spa that the managers of the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique proceed regularly, at the very least, once a year, on a pilgrimage, to entreat the learned composer for a score.

Like M. Auber, Signor Rossini has a decided predilection for the Boulevards. He does not, however, object to be under the tall-spreading trees; as inspiration comes from God, and God is everywhere, he could, if he pleased, write a *chef-d'œuvre* with equal facility in a garret, in a gilded saloon, or on a grassy bank. He has a charming little retreat at Passy, where he receives his friends. He is fond of long walks, accompanied by light, joyous conversation. What astonishes me, is the sympathy of the author of *Guillaume Tell* for street organs; what astonishes me still more, is his particularly liking those with damaged barrels, playing, in all sorts of keys, the overture to *La Gazza*, the airs from *Il Barbiere*, or any other of the inspirations of his immortal genius.

Signor Verdi would give all the palaces of the world for a cottage and ten feet of green sward. When he is compelled to inhabit Paris, Milan, Naples, or Venice, to superintend the performance of a new opera, there is no getting at him. But speak to him of Busseto, his dearly beloved village, and he will smile agreeably. It is the place which sheltered his infancy, and consists of ten houses in the open plain, traversed by the high road; a little church, ornamented by an organ to which he confided his first melodies; cultivated fields, without shade, and, in the distance, the Po with its roaring stream; such is the rural residence of the author of *Il Trovatore*. Once at Busseto, Signor Verdi is the most amiable man in the world; once there, he forgets music. From morning to evening, he follows the little paths leading to the cottages of his peasants. He speaks to one about his corn, and to another about his vines. He is everywhere saluted with profound respect. When the first shades of night descend on the earth, choristers, echoing each other, are heard in the immense plain; they might be taken for *orphenists* organised in companies; they are the peasants, vinedressers, and harvesters, repeating the airs of *Nabucco*, *Ernani*, *I Lombardi*, *Macbeth*, *I due Foscari*, *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, *Luisa Miller*, and *I Masnadieri*.† They are celebrating, in their fashion, their lord and master. Their voices answer each other at certain distances, and produce a delicious concert. Sig. Verdi is only really happy on this vast estate, which he has acquired by the fruits of his genius. He loves the open air, space, and liberty. He would certainly die of *ennui* if he were deprived of his birds, his trees, and his fields.

M. Halévy works incessantly; he would love the beauties of Nature, but he has not time. He can scarcely go and inhale, for a few hours, the fresh odour of the roses, at his villa at Marly. Amiable in disposition, and always ready for work, he has scarcely finished one production before

* Was M. Auber never in England?—ED.

† *Mem.*—Busseto and its neighbourhood to be avoided.—ED.

he wants to commence another, not perceiving that he is using up too quickly his strength, both physical and moral, by such intellectual labour. Mr. Halévy works with the same pleasure in town as in the country. He does not like solitude, and, if he smiles on the green trees, it is because he has around him numerous friends, who carry his mind back towards Paris, by talking to him of present successes, past failures, and the other common topics of the day. Possessed of an excellent disposition, particularly impressionable, he surrounds himself with flowers. His saloons are a perfect garden, where the violet and jasmine blossom all the year, so that, even at the Institute, he can still fancy himself in his beautiful villa at Marly.

LÉON ESCUDIER.

NEW YORK, * 15th June, 1858.—I will, to-day, give you a few particulars concerning the operatic incubation, the offspring of the combined efforts of Messieurs Lumley, Wikoff, Barnum, and the manager of our Academy of Music. The participation of the last-named gentleman in the scheme was confined to his letting his theatre for a very handsome profit. The direction of the matter was in the hands of the other three. I have not the honour of knowing Mr. Lumley, and have, therefore, nothing to say about him, except that he here bears the reputation of being a very skilful *impresario*. As to Messieurs Wikoff and B. T. Barnum, it is a different matter. Mr. Wikoff was once actively connected with the stage. It was he who brought Fanny Elssler to the United States. Since then he has entered into politics, without, however, estranging himself from the lyrical and dramatic world. You know, by reputation at least, the illustrious B. T. Barnum, the inventor, long before Eugène Sue, of the *man-fish*, the keeper of General Tom Thumb, and the speculator in the concerts of Jenny Lind and Jullien. A pure Yankee, profoundly acquainted with the science of humbug, there is no kind of deception he has not rendered successful. It was he who, for three years, exhibited all over the Union an old negress, taken from Virginia, and metamorphosed into Washington's nurse. It was not until the poor old creature's death that the trick was discovered, and that the public were convinced the pretended nurse of the father of American independence was seven or eight years younger than her supposed nursing. But the farce had been played, and the clever charlatan laughed in his sleeve while counting his dollars. I pass over several other very adroit tricks. Everything, however, becomes used up in this world, and, perhaps, in the United States more quickly than anywhere else. Finding himself blown on, Barnum launched into a gigantic speculation in clocks; but, alas! he must have soon perceived, when studying the mechanism of his wares, that the hour of his downfall was about to sound, and, one fine morning, after having been a *millionnaire*, he should awake a ruined man. Feeling that it would be long before he would again attempt anything in America, Barnum left for England, and nothing had been heard of him for some time, when, a few days since, he valiantly reappeared on the breach of publicity, holding in his hand the singular project of which we are about to speak.

According to the programme, it was intended to import into America, in the month of September next, the entire company of Mr. Lumley, of Her Majesty's Theatre, London. The idea of bringing not only the principal artists, but the *danseuses*, choristers, instrumentalists, and *tutti quanti*, whose travelling expenses the American public would have to defray, without in the least requiring their services, struck me, at the very first, as a very rash one. Moreover, it was a bad notion to wish to increase the expense of an Italian opera by that of a ballet company. The little pecuniary services of Ronzani's company, in spite of the unusual talent of Madlle. Lamoureux, and that of the other artists, proves convincingly that the New-Yorkers can only appreciate dancing when seen in the pantomimic feats of the Ravel Family, and accompanied by performances on the tight-rope.

But the most eccentric feature in the project was the notion of making the American public pay London prices (26 francs 50 centimes). Mr. Lumley's company may be very remarkable, but were it still more remarkable than it is, I very much doubt

* Correspondence of *La France Musicale*.

if it would ever have worked a miracle of this description. Cheap prices of admission are here a *sine quâ non* of success. There is a certain price beyond which no one will go. The *impresari* of Mario and Grisi, as well as of Rachel herself, were under the necessity of conforming to this exigence, and, despite the high opinion I entertain of Mr. Lumley's company, I take the liberty of believing it would not obtain higher prices than the eminent artists I have named.

It may, perhaps, be objected that it is difficult to reconcile a relatively moderate tariff of prices with the exorbitant salaries given to certain singers. At first sight, the objection might appear well founded, but we must, above all things, take into consideration the internal arrangements of American theatres. There are not, as in Europe, several classes of set seats, they are all of a uniform price. It is a democratic custom, established in America, and the theatres are built with a view of accommodating as large a number of persons as possible. This system certainly leaves much to be desired, as far as the ease and comfort of the spectators are concerned, but this is not the question. To mention only the Academy of Music, which is more especially the subject of my remarks, I was present last winter at certain performances of *Les Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable*, and *Don Giovanni*, of which the receipts amounted to more than 4,000 dollars, which, believe me, sir, left the *impresario* a very respectable profit.

In conclusion, the Wikoff, Barnum and Co.'s programme required, to carry it into execution, *eight hundred* subscribers, at a *hundred* dollars for *twenty* representations. Not *ten* came forward. Finding this was the case, the manager of the Academy quietly left for Paris, for the purpose of forming a company, which will not be the less attractive because it is not Mr. Lumley's.

[And the first person he applied to was Madlle. Piccolomini! Oh veracious correspondent! You have not killed Mr. Lumley. "Old Double" still pants.—Ed.]

HUDDERSFIELD CHORAL SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of the members of the above society, on the 22nd ult., at the Crown Tavern, Westgate, John Brooke, Esq., of Armitage Bridge, was elected president in the room of H. Fenton, Esq., deceased.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—(From our Correspondent).—This great Yorkshire event is beginning to assume an importance which will, in all probability, excite the interest of musical people throughout England. The Festival committee, at the very outset, decided that their arrangements should be carried out by a thorough-bred English musician; and although it was not their original intention to make the Festival exclusively *English*, yet circumstances have arisen, and practical arguments have been adduced, to favour the idea of excluding from the festival all foreign principal vocalists. This is the wish of many members of the committee; but before such a step is decided on, the general committee are to meet and discuss the whole question. Should they determine to make their Festival *English* in every sense of the word, it will, I am sure, give immense satisfaction to the profession and all genuine musical people. Most persons are aware that the enormous sums demanded and obtained in this country by foreign vocalists, are ruinous to nearly all musical speculations, and it is, therefore, high time the system, which is alike hurtful to native talent and to art, should be abolished. So far, the vocalists engaged are English, and include the names of Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Winn. Miss Arabella Goddard's services are also secured, so that we may look for some classical piano-music—rather a novelty at a Festival. The Town Hall has been proved to be excellently adapted for sound. A choral rehearsal was held last week, and no doubt now remains on that point. [We fear our correspondent is in the habit of building castles in the air.—Ed. M. W.]

THE THREE MUSICAL FESTIVALS.—The Festival of the Three Choirs takes place this year at Hereford, in the last week of August. Birmingham Festival follows, and is succeeded by the Leeds, all occurring within three weeks.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Titiens, Alboni, Spezia, Ortolani, and Piccolomini; Belletti, Benevanto, Violetti, Rosi, Aldighieri, and Giuglini.

The following arrangements have been made:—

Tuesday, July 13th.—Last night but one of the Subscription, **LUCREZIA BORGIA**, and Divertissement from **LA SONNAMBULA**, with Madame Rosati (her last appearance but one) and Madlle. Pocchini (her last appearance).

Thursday, July 15th.—**SIGNOR GIUGLINI'S BENEFIT**. First time this season, **LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR**. Edgardo, Sig. Giuglini. After which, a Divertissement from **LA SONNAMBULA**, in which Madame Rosati will make her last appearance. Puccini's Operetta **LA SERVA PADRONA**. Serpina, Madlle. Piccolomini. To conclude with a scene from Rossini's **ITALIANA IN ALGERI**, including the celebrated trio "Pappaceli" by Sig. Giuglini, Violetti, and Rosi.

Saturday, July 17th.—Last night of the Subscription, **IL TROVATORE**. The National Anthem, and Divertissement, in which Madlle. Boschetti will appear. Applications to be made at the Box-office at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, and during the week, will be presented Shakspeare's play of **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE**. Shylock, Mr. C. Kean; Portia, Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the new Farcia, entitled **DYING FOR LOVE**.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, July 10, the performance will commence with **A HANDSOME HUSBAND**. After which **GOING TO THE BAD**. To conclude with **THE WANDERING MINSTREL**. Commence at half-past 7.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

SIR WILLIAM DON, BARONET. Such is the excitement caused by the extraordinary talent and eccentricity of the Baronet's performance, that the Manager feels himself compelled, in compliance with the public wish, most unequivocally expressed, to renew the engagement for another week, positively the last in which this truly talented gentleman can appear, an arrangement having been completed with Mr. Benjamin Webster, Madame Celeste, Mr. Paul Bedford, and Miss Mary Keeley, the principal artists of the **ADELPHI COMPANY**, who will appear on Monday, July 19th, in the great drama of **THE GREEN BUSHES**, and **THE FRENCH LADY'S MAID**.

BIRTH.

On the 6th inst., Mrs. John Macfarren, of a daughter.

DEATH.

W. Avery Bushnell, Esq. (husband of Catherine Hayes), on the 2nd inst., at Biarritz.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 10TH, 1858.

SATISFYING as was in very many respects the "Grand Choral Demonstration," which took place on Friday week in the central transept of the Crystal Palace, and excellent as was the performance on the whole, it gave birth to certain strictures which cannot be set aside as altogether unfounded. Every lover of sacred music, as well as every well-wisher to the Crystal Palace, and every real friend of the Sacred Harmonic Society, looks forward with unfeigned interest to the grand festival which is to take place next year in commemoration of the centenary of Handel's death. What was called the Handel Festival last year (as the projectors candidly stated from the first) was, after all, only a preliminary to the great event which is expected in an equal measure to surprise and delight the musical world of Europe sometime in June, 1859.* Nothing but Handel's music was performed, and as no one expected, or had a right to expect anything else, no one complained. Had the music of any other composer been introduced, indeed, there would have been good reason to condemn the whole affair as a mere pretext for gaining money, with the name of Handel as the tempting bait of the advertisements. But, whatever the authorities of the Crystal Palace might have felt disposed to venture for such

* Why not commence on the 13th of April, the day on which the illustrious composer died?

an object, the Sacred Harmonic Society was not likely to lend itself to anything of the sort; and accordingly the programme of each of the three days' performance was devoted to an oratorio by Handel, which was given entire. The success passed expectation; and though it was pretty well known that this was not intended as the *bona fide* Handel Festival, so unprecedented was the effect, and so wonderful the excitement, that it is likely to be remembered as "the Handel Festival" during the life-time of the present generation. Honour accrued to every one concerned in the celebration, and none who took part in it would willingly have been absent. The "Great Handel Festival" in short (or the preliminary to the "Great Handel Festival"—it little matters which) was not only the prominent incident of the musical season of 1857, but an event which interested the community at large to so unexampled an extent, that it occupies a conspicuous place *quand même* among the *memorabilia* of that year. We believe we may state with confidence that not one person who assisted at any of the performances is likely to forget the occasion during the term of his natural life. So brilliant a triumph—for it was nothing short of a triumph of music over apparently insurmountable obstacles—made people altogether overlook the fact that it was less directly an act of homage to Handel than a joint speculation of the Crystal Palace Company and Sacred Harmonic Society. Handel's music was executed so finely, and on so prodigious a scale of magnificence, that, whether speculation or homage was intended, the result could not be otherwise regarded than as highly creditable. A more splendid demonstration had never been made; and at the end of that memorable day on which *Israel in Egypt* was performed, people went away saying "How wonderful!", and "We shall never hear anything like it again!", almost in a breath.

Wonders, however, are not seemingly destined to cease in this century of centuries; and among other wonders the prophecy of "The Great Handel Centenary Festival" is to be fulfilled. It will take place in 1859 at the Crystal Palace, while the little town of Halle (in such close approximation with the Jesuits of Leipsic and the demagogues of Weimar) is struggling to make some little demonstration in honour of the man who, 173 years ago, first saw the light of heaven within its walls. The little town of Halle will break its little egg, while the big Crystal Palace carves its gigantic turkey. The Crystal Palace, by the way, could contain within its windows the whole population of Halle, without disturbing the statues, or depriving Herr Manns of a single square foot of his importance. How many Englishmen, Handelian even to the core, are likely to make the journey to Halle, when they can witness so much more vast and imposing a ceremony at Sydenham, remains to be seen. Moreover, the Kings of Prussia and Saxony have been so apathetic in the cause of Handel's monument, that we can't see why the English, among whom Handel lived, wrote, died, was buried and honoured, should concern themselves in the matter. If Sir G. Smart and Professor Bennett, who (as co-representing music in this country) are at the head of the London-Halle Committee, or Mr. Henry Leslie, in whose person is concentrated the very essence of our musical amateurship, can supply us with cogent reasons, we will go to Halle, nevertheless, and leave the Crystal Palace and the Sacred Harmonic Society, Mr. Grove, Mr. Bowley and Mr. Costa, to get on as well as they may without us; but in default of such reasons, we shall stay at home and be satisfied with what we can obtain near Forest Hill.

But to quit episode, abandon conjecture, and return to our "strictures." We are to have the real Handel Festival in 1859, and this real Handel Festival is to surpass the great event of 1858, just as Sir William Don, the diverting comedian, exceeds General Tom Thumb in stature. That this is no chimera may be gathered from the fact that not only the London contingent of the Handel Festival Chorus, under Mr. Costa, but the various provincial contingents, under local directors, have been kept in constant practice ever since last autumn. We, in the Metropolis, have had frequent occasion to hear the rehearsals at Exeter Hall, and frequent occasion to inquire why (being held with a view to the Great Handel Festival) they should not have been confined to Handel's music. Many surmises have arisen, without any satisfactory conclusion. At length a "Grand Choral Demonstration by the Great Handel Festival Choir" was announced to take place in the Crystal Palace, the object of which may be best explained by the following extracts from a circular issued by the Crystal Palace Company and the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society:—

"The performance of this day (July 2), has a peculiar importance in reviving the impressions of the Handel Festival held in the Crystal Palace in the month of June, 1857, and in its anticipation of the Great Handel Commemoration, which is to take place next year."

"The present performance is intended, as a demonstration of the perfection to which, by the unwearied patience and attention of Mr. Costa and his provincial coadjutors, during the past year, the band and chorus, especially the latter, have been brought. The same vigilant superintendence and the same continuous rehearsals will be kept up until the time of the Great Handel Festival, which is intended to be far more imposing and complete in its effect than either this day's performance or those of 1857."

A perusal of the above extracts naturally led to the conclusion that the "Grand Choral Demonstration" would consist of one of Handel's oratorios entire (by far the most appropriate offering), or at least, of a selection from the works of Handel. Otherwise, what possible bearing could it have on the Handel Festival past, the Handel Festival to come—or on Handel, *ex cathedra*, anyhow? Nothing of the kind, however; the programme comprised three pieces by Handel out of a selection of *sixteen*—the rest consisting of excerpts from Tallis, Mozart, Rossini, Auber, Mendelssohn, and Costa, with the "Old 100th" to begin, and the National Anthem to finish.

Now this was surely not a programme to offer the public in connection with the name of Handel, and more especially in professed anticipation of a festival to commemorate the 100th anniversary of Handel's death. It was just such a programme as might have been presented by Mr. Benedict's Vocal Association, Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, or the Bradford Festival Choral Society, on any ordinary occasion. We have not a word to say against the execution, nor a hint to prefer against the general conduct of the Handel Festival scheme, which we devoutly hope may prove successful beyond expectation. But we wish to convey our impression (doubtless the impression of many besides ourselves) that such a performance as that of Friday week had nothing whatever to do with Handel, and should not therefore have been put forth under the shadow of his name. The "Grand Choral Demonstration" has, we know, been the subject of very general comment; and it is with sincere good will towards all who are and have been officially concerned in the Handel Festival, that we venture on this protest. Let us hope that what we have said will be understood as it was intended.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

The last of Mr. Hallé's "Classical Chamber-music" concerts, on Thursday afternoon, in Willis's Rooms, attracted an enormous audience, and brought the concert-season to an end with the utmost brilliancy. The following was the programme:—

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| Grand Trio, in C minor, Op. 66 ... | Mendelssohn. |
| Sonata, pianoforte in G minor, Op. 34 (No. 2) ... | Clementi. |
| Solo, violoncello, "L'Abbandono," melodia ... | Piatti. |
| Sonata, pianoforte and violin, in G, Op. 96 ... | Beethoven. |
| Concerto for two pianofortes, with orchestral accompaniments, in E flat ... | Mozart. |
| Executants, Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, Sig. Piatti, and Mr. C. Hallé. Conductor of orchestra, M. Sainton. | |

The trio is one of Mr. Hallé's "*chevaux de bataille*," and with two such coadjutors as M. Sainton and Sig. Piatti, it could not fail to go well. The solo sonata of Clementi was the same which was introduced at the first of the seven of *matinées* held by Mr. Hallé at his own residence, and which created so vivid an impression both on account of its own intrinsic worth as a composition, and the performance of Mr. Hallé. Sig. Piatti's solo was the perfection of violoncello playing, whether as regards tone, phrasing or execution. Beethoven's sonata, one of the most fanciful of his later works, was marvellously well given by Mr. Hallé and M. Sainton. The highly-finished mechanism and vigorous unaffected style of the admirable French violinist, legitimate representative of the school of Baillot, were the theme of general admiration. With Mr. Hallé he was well matched, and the *ensemble* was irreproachable.

The most interesting feature of the concert, for more reasons than one, was Mozart's concerto for two pianofortes and orchestra. The revival of this fine, fresh, and vigorous composition ("brave music," as poor Mendelssohn would have called it) was creditable both to the research and to the spirit of Mr. Hallé, who deserved no less praise for the means he took to ensure such a performance as was most likely to elicit the admiration which is its due. In selecting Miss Arabella Goddard for his partner, Mr. Hallé associated himself with the most accomplished pianist of the country which he has adopted for his residence. The execution was just what might have been anticipated from such a union of talents, faultless in every respect. Never was performance listened to from one end to the other with an interest more intense, or a gratification more unqualified. The orchestra—excellent, though small, and ably conducted by M. Sainton—did full justice to the accompaniments, while Hummel's ingenious *cadenza*,* interpolated in the last movement, was played by Miss Goddard and Mr. Hallé with such extraordinary precision and accuracy that the two instruments sounded like one. The applause at the conclusion of this very exciting display was enthusiastic. Everybody was enchanted, and no wonder. This was the first time Miss Goddard and Mr. Hallé had ever performed together in public; but after such a triumph, it is not, we think, likely to be the last. There is a double concerto of Dussek, for example.

HERR RUBINSTEIN has returned to Moscow.

SIGNOR JEAN CHIAMPO, first trombone at the Theatre Royal, Turin, gave a concert at the Hanover Rooms on Monday. Sig. Chiampo played a solo on the trombone with considerable effect. The most attractive vocal pieces were the air, "Deh vieni," charmingly given by Mad. Liza Haynes, and Venzano's valse, brilliantly sung by Mad. Rudersdorff.

* Originally allotted to one performer, but re-arranged by Mr. Hallé for this particular occasion.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

THE tenth and last concert of the season took place at St. Martin's Hall on Friday evening in last week. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Part-song, "Oh! who will o'er the downs so free"—Pearsall. Madrigal, "Flow, O my tears"—J. Benet, A.D. 1599. Song to May Morning—Henry Leslie. Madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed"—Edwardes, A.D. 1560. Sonata for Pianoforte and Violoncello—Sterndale Bennett. Part-song, "Orpheus with his lute"—G. A. Macfarren. Trio, "O happy fair"—Shield, A.D. 1785. Part-song for male voices, "When evening's twilight"—Hatton. Part-song, "The Golden age"—Bartholomew. Rule Britannia—Dr. Arne.

PART II.—Madrigal, "Sweet honey-sucking bees"—Wilbye, A.D. 1601. Part-song, "The dawn of day"—W. Reay. Romance, for Violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment—Henry Leslie. Part-song, "Ave Maria"—Henry Smart. Glee, by the Choir, "The mighty conqueror"—Webbe. Madrigal, "My bonny lass she smileth"—Morley, A.D. 1595. Part-song, "The cloud-capt towers"—Stevens. God save the Queen—Bull.

That the last concert would prove unusually attractive, was no more than what might have been expected. There was, however, an after attraction, of which the public were unaware. Mr. Leslie had invited the Bradford Choir to hear his Choir, and the Bradford choristers had offered to sing one or two of their own pieces in return. St. Martin's Hall was crowded in every part, and hundreds were refused admission.

The instrumental pieces were found an agreeable relief. Sterndale Bennett's fine sonata, magnificently played by Miss Arabella Goddard and Signor Piatti, was loudly applauded, and the two were unanimously encored in Mr. Henry Leslie's graceful romance. At the end of the Concert the Bradford Choir, under the direction of their indefatigable conductor, Mr. Jackson, sang several part-songs, which were received with rapturous applause; and then Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Leslie's pianist for the evening, performed "Home, sweet home," with variations (Wallace's).

This treat was all the more delightful since it was totally unexpected. When the young pianist made her appearance in the orchestra, she was welcomed with thunders of applause, both from the Bradford Choir and the members of Mr. Leslie's Choir; and at the end of her performance (the merits of which we need not describe,) the hall rang for several seconds with hearty cheers, such as could only have proceeded from lungs freshened and invigorated by the keen breezes that sweep over the Yorkshire hills. "Three cheers," from the body of the hall, for the Bradford Choir; some part songs, the composition of Mr. Jackson,—sung by his own men and women; and, lastly, "three" counter "cheers" from the orchestra, for Mr. Leslie's Choir, brought this exciting evening to a close in an exciting manner.

Mr. Leslie and his singers will now, no doubt, not repose upon their laurels, but earnestly pursue their studies until Autumn leaves descend, when they will again ascend the platform in the great hall of Mr. Hullah's harmonious castle.

MADAME SZARVADY'S THIRD MATINEE was given on Friday, the 25th ult., at the Hanover-square rooms. The following was the programme:

Sonata in G, pianoforte and violin, Madame Szarvady and Herr Molique—Mozart. Suite de pièces, No. 5—Sterndale Bennett; Rondo, *Les Vendangeuses*—F. Couperin (le grand); and Lied ohne Worte, *Volkstied*, pianoforte, Mad. Szarvady—Mendelssohn. Grand trio, in B flat, op. 97, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Madame Szarvady, Herr Molique, and Signor Piatti—Beethoven. Sonata, in C sharp minor, op. 27, pianoforte, Madame Szarvady—Beethoven. Berceuse—Chopin; Air—Pergolesi; and Capriccio, *La Truite*, pianoforte, Madame Szarvady—Stephen Heller.

The room was very full, and the performances of the fair Bohemian pianist were received throughout with the most flattering demonstrations of approval. We have already announced her departure for Paris.

MAD. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT gave a party at Roehampton, on Monday evening, when the Swedish singers now in London serenaded their fair countrywoman with a selection of national melodies.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday, the *Huguenots* was given, with the quarrel scene from *La Sonnambula*. The Queen was again present, Madlle. Titiens, doubtless, being the attraction, although, by express desire, the scene from the ballet was performed between the acts of the opera to afford Her Majesty an opportunity of seeing it. The illustrious lady and the royal party appeared infinitely amused with the pleasantries, and enchanted with the dancing of Madlle. Pocchini and Mad. Rosati. The engagement of both these eminent *danseuses*, we are sorry to say, is drawing to a close. On Tuesday, Madlle. Pocchini makes her last appearance, and on Saturday Mad. Rosati bids us farewell. The vacuum left will be filled up by Madlle. Boschetti, who created so favourable an impression last year and the year previously. The subscription season, too, is approaching its termination, Saturday being the last night. A series of extra performances at reduced prices is announced, and *La Traviata* will usher in the supplementary season on the 20th.

On Thursday *Don Giovanni* was repeated, and appears to have lost none of its attraction. The opera was followed by the *divertissement* from *La Sonnambula*. Next season, we think, Mr. Lamley would find it advantageous to give the whole of this ballet.

To-night, *La Zingara* (*The Bohemian Girl*), will be given, with Albani (and a new *cavatina*) as the Gipsy Queen, her first appearance in the part. Such an addition to the cast will greatly enhance the attraction.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE second performance of *Martha* on Saturday, has not altered our opinion of the music. That the opera is likely to achieve a continuous run we are inclined to think; but, when we consider the excellence of the cast, the splendour and completeness of the getting up, and the novelty of hearing one of our most popular national melodies sung by so great a foreign artist as Madame Bosio, such a result is not surprising.

Il Trovatore was given on Monday evening for the second "extra night." The house was not crowded, but the opera obtained the usual success, thanks to the splendid acting and singing of Grisi and Mario, as Leonora and Manrico. Madame Nantier-Didiée was Azucena; Sig. Graziani, Count Luna, and Sig. Tagliafico, Ferrando. Sig. Graziani obtained the stereotyped "encore" in "Il balen," a similar compliment was paid to Grisi and Mario in the "Miserere," and Mario was recalled with acclamations after "Di quella pira."

Otello, on Tuesday night, was a still greater success than on the previous Saturday. The house was one of the most crowded and brilliant of the season, and the aristocratic audience seemed really to appreciate Rossini's splendid music. The general performance, too, was even better than on the first night—Grisi, Tamberlik, and Ronconi sharing the honours among them. The fact that *Otello* is announced for repetition this evening is significant of its genuine success.

Martha was given for the third time on Thursday. On Monday, *Fra Diavolo*, for the third "extra night."

ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

THE latest novelties have been *La Sonnambula* and *Don Pasquale*. In the former Madame Viardot appeared as Amina; in the latter, Madame Persiani as Norina. Madame Viardot's acting in Bellini's heroine is remarkable for its elaboration and finish; while her singing is characterised by intense expression and wonderful skill. Few Aminas have been received with greater enthusiasm in any theatre, and no success could be more decided. Amina, it may be remembered, was the part in which Madame Viardot made her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera. Signor Naudin was better as Elvino than as the Duke in *Rigoletto*, or Arturo in *I Puritani*, but still not satisfying. We cannot say much for Signor Mattioli's Rodolfo. Why should not Signor Badiali have undertaken a part which Tamburini did not consider beneath his dignity? Mad. Persiani's Norina both surprised

and delighted us. It was not perfect, but the vocalisation was occasionally so brilliant, the embellishments were so ingenious, and the character was so well conceived, that we could not help acknowledging the presence of a great artist. Sig. Rovere—one of the old Covent Garden company, in the days before the fire—made his first appearance as Don Pasquale. His humour is natural, but dry, and he rather enforces respect for his talent than excites laughter. Signor Badiali's Malatesta, so far as the singing was concerned, was admirable. Signor Badiali, however, has little humour, and humour is what the character chiefly requires. Signor Naudin sang the music of Ernesto obtrusively, and obtained an encore to match, in the familiar serenade. Why did Madame Persiani introduce Signor Alary's polka from the *Tre Nozze*, instead of Donizetti's own *finale*? The change was not for the better.

MR. ELLA'S MUSICAL UNION.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

ON Tuesday, Mr. Ella's concerts, called "The Musical Union," came to an end;—now is the time, therefore, to give our reason for abstaining from all report of them during their course. The Director prefaced his *prospectus* for the past season by declaring "that no anonymous critics were admitted to his concerts,"—a somewhat startling statement, even had he not pleased to follow it by publishing a string of anonymous laudations which have appeared during ten years past in the journals, and before this a list of the names of the persons by whom he assumes the paragraphs to have been written—everything like animadversion of course being carefully suppressed. It is useless to reason with one so perversely ignorant of the rules regulating intercourse, so resolute to make laws for himself. But, for principle's sake, and in support of the honour of the press, it may be as well to remind all concerned that such unauthorised parade of names is equivalent to the behaviour of one who plucks off another man's mask at a masquerade because he conceives that he knows the face beneath. Among gentlemen this has been always considered a mortal offence. The person committing it, however, is the only sufferer in social esteem. That Mr. Ella's position in the world of art and of artists is not what it was, every one is aware; and his own consciousness of this will not be mended by the fact that its decline has not come on him without his being warned again and again. In the future interests of Mr. Ella's private speculation—for his "Musical Union," stripped of all pretexts, is nothing else—he would have done well to have been less liberal of praise to himself, and more considerate of the courtesies of common life.

MISS KEMBLE'S MORNING CONCERT was given at Bridgewater House, the residence of the Earl of Ellesmere, on Wednesday, the 30th ult. Madame Viardot, Mr. Santley, and Signor Mario assisted the young lady as vocalists, and Mr. Charles Hallé, Herr Joachim, and Sig. Piatti, as instrumentalists. The concert commenced with a very fine performance of Beethoven's sonata in G, op. 30, for pianoforte and violin, by Mr. Charles Hallé and Herr Joachim. Miss Kemble contributed two *lieder*—"Trockne Blumen," by Schubert, and "Frühlingslied," by Mendelssohn; two songs from Shakespeare, "Orpheus with his lute," by Miss Gabriel, and Dr. Arne's "Where the bee sucks," besides joining Sig. Mario and Mr. Santley in two duets. Miss Kemble's nervousness has not yet left her, and is specially observable in her solos; but that she has the right stuff in her we have little doubt. Mario sang the romance, "Angiol d'amore," from the *Favorita*, most exquisitely. The other points of the concert were Herr Joachim's "Le Songe du Diable," two solos on the pianoforte by Mr. Charles Hallé, and Pacini's aria, "Il soave bel contento," by Madame Viardot—a splendid example of florid

vocalisation. Nor must we omit Mr. Patey, who has a good bass voice, and deserved the encore he obtained in an air by *Halévy*. A duet by Dussek for harp and piano, capitably played by Mr. H. J. Trust and Miss Marian Prescott, was one of the instrumental features of the concert.

MAD. SALA'S CONCERT.—This annual entertainment took place in Willis's Rooms, on the afternoon of the 30th ult., and was not only under distinguished patronage, but attended by a numerous and fashionable audience. The vocalists who assisted Mad. Sala were, Misses Louisa and Susan Pyne; Mesdames Weiss, F. Penny and Guerrabella; Messrs. Charles Braham, G. Perren, F. Penny, and Weiss. The instrumentalists were, Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, and M. Paque. The conductors were, M. Francesco Berger, Herr Wilhelm Ganz, and Mr. Calcott. The programme included a well-varied selection from the works of Rossini, Donizetti, Mozart, Verdi, Pacini, Schubert, Balfe, Wallace, and composers of less note, which afforded the utmost satisfaction to the assembly. It is unnecessary to enter into detailed criticism of such well-known pieces, sung by such well-known artists; but as Mad. Guerrabella may be regarded almost in the light of a stranger, having previously, on one occasion only, sang before a London audience, we must make an exception in her favour, and state that she possesses a remarkably fine *mezzo-soprano* voice, that she sings with fluency, taste, and expression, and is an acquisition to the concert room. Madame Guerrabella sang Pacini's air, "I tuoi frequenti palpiti," a national Russian song, and joined Mr. G. Perren in the duet "Parigi, o Cara," from the *Traviata*. The great sensation of the Concert was made by Miss Arabella Goddard in Wallace's fantasia on "Robin Adair," which was received with such plaudits and so pertinaciously re-demanded, that the fair artist, however averse, was fain obliged to acquiesce, and accordingly returned to the piano and played "Home, sweet home," with equal brilliancy and grace. Between the parts Mr. Albert Smith sung one of his pithiest comic songs. The room (Willis's) was full, and the audience departed highly gratified with the ample treat provided for them by Mad. Sala.

HERR S. LEHMEYER gave a morning concert, on Monday, the 5th inst., at Mrs. Chapman's residence, in Cleveland-square, Hyde-park. He was assisted by the Misses Mahlah Homer, E. Gresham, Mdlle. Marie de Villar, Herren Richard Deck, Adolf Rempen, and M. Jules Lefort, as vocalists, and Herr C. Goffrie, Messrs. A. Kettenus, Paque, Boleyn Reeves, G. Regondi, &c., as instrumentalists. The rooms were crowded, and the audience highly pleased. Among the pieces most applauded were a pianoforte solo, "Impromptu; Polka de la Bohème," by the *bénéficiaire*; Lehmeier's song "Ave Marie," and Haydn's canonet "My mother bids me bind my hair," by Miss Emily Gresham, both charmingly sung; and fantasia on the concertina by Signor Regondi, splendidly executed.

MISS MARIAN PRESCOTT'S CONCERT.—This concert, which took place at St. Martin's Hall on Monday evening, was given by the Lyceum Operatic Company:—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Marian Prescott, Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Wallworth, and Mr. Ferdinand Glover. Miss Marian Prescott is a sister of the Misses Pyne, and has no reason to be ashamed of her patronymic. To the above were added Miss Emily Gresham, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Messrs. Regaldi, Patey, and Edward Murray, vocalists; and Mr. H. J. Trust (harp), Herr Emil Behm (flute), and Mr. Viotti Collins (violin), instrumentalists. At the last moment it was given out that Mr. W. Harrison had broken a blood vessel and could not sing, and Mr. Donald King was substituted. The concert opened with a selection from the *Bohemian Girl*, conducted by Mr. Balfe. The band might have been more perfect as the execution of the overture at once declared, but the audience were expectant rather than critical, and seemed to wait impatiently for the vocal music. Miss Louisa Pyne was encored in "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," and Mr. Donald King in "When other lips." There were eight pieces, in all, from the opera, and the old familiar tunes were all received with favour. The most acceptable performances in the rest of the concert, were Mr. Benedict's "Skylark," given with great brilliancy by Miss Louisa Pyne; the old ballad, "She wore a wreath of roses," sung with perfect taste and expression

by Miss Emily Gresham; the *Carnaval de Venise*, on the violin, by Mr. Viotti Collins, and the Irish ballad, "The meeting of the waters," by Miss Rebecca Isaacs, which was complimented with an encore. Mr. Edward Murray, too, deserves a word of praise for his singing of Benedict's "Alma adorata." This gentleman has a pleasing tenor voice, and is making steady progress.

BRADFORD FESTIVAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—The members of this famous band of chorists gave a concert in St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening, June the 29th. It was their first appearance in London, and we are sorry to say they were welcomed by no very crowded assembly. The choir numbers 210 voices, and we need not remind those who have read our reports of the Bradford Festivals how fine in quality and perfectly trained these voices are. The selection was good, but might have been better. The performances, however, were beyond all praise. Finer choral singing we have rarely heard than in Ford's part-song, "Since first I saw your face," Pearsall's madrigal, "I saw lovely Phillis," and Benedict's part song, "The Wreath." The choral pieces were varied by performances on the piano-forte by Mr. Charles Hallé, and on the violin by Herr Joachim. The Kreutzer sonata of Beethoven, which employed the talents of both these great artists, was a treat of the highest order. Herr Joachim also played Beethoven's romanza for the violin in G major, and Bach's saraband, bourré, and double; Mr. Hallé a selection from Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, Heller's *Wanderstunden*, No. 2, and Chopin's valse in A flat, Op. 34. Mr. J. Burton, too, the accompanist to the choir, performed (or attempted to perform) a fragment of *Don Pasquale*. Mr. William Jackson, director of the choir, conducted.

BERWICK.—Mr. George Wilson, of Dalkeith, gave a concert in the new Corn Exchange on Wednesday evening—1,500 persons being present—perhaps the largest ever assembled in Berwick at an in-door celebration. There was a large infusion of Scotch music, a little operatic, and one "classical" piece—a part of one of Haydn's quartets. With the exception of Mr. Wilson himself, and Mr. R. B. Stewart, none of the performers have appeared in Berwick before. The concert commenced with an overture composed by the late Mr. Dewar on Scottish airs. Mr. Wilson followed with the song, "The rose of Tralee," in which the effect was somewhat impaired at first by nervousness, but as he advanced he gathered confidence, and finished amid a round of applause. The duet, "The Syren and Friar," was sung by Mrs. Howard and Herr Kuchler. Mrs. Howard's voice is of sweet and pleasing quality; she sings with great taste in all styles, and is equally *au fait* in English ballads, Verdi's *scenas*, and Scotch songs. The duet was followed by a fantasia on the violin on Scottish airs, the composition of Mr. W. Howard, and performed by himself. As a soloist Mr. Howard has no equal north of the Tweed. The position he has attained, as the leader of orchestral music in Scotland, is one of responsibility, and affords many opportunities for the advancement of the national taste in music, which we are confident he will use worthily. The fantasia was played with infinite skill; the air "Auld Robin Gray," particularly, was a model of tender expression. It met with thunders of applause. Spohr's song, "The Huntsman," followed, which gave an opportunity to Herr Kuchler of showing his familiarity with the vocal style of his country, and to M. Allard, who accompanied, of exhibiting his mastery over his own instrument, the violoncello. Verdi's aria, from the *Traviata*, "Ah! forse è lui," was rendered by Mrs. Howard with admirable effect, and was encored. M. Allard executed a solo on Russian airs. Mr. Wilson sang the "Death of Nelson," and gave evident satisfaction to the audience. A spirited set of waltzes, the "Marguerite," the composition of Mr. Howard, brought the first part to a close. The second part commenced with Boieldieu's overture to *La Dame Blanche*. Herr Kuchler sang "Kitty Tyrrrel," and Mr. Harper gave a solo on the cornet-a-piston, on airs from *Norma*. Mrs. Howard also sang "My boy Tammie." Mr. Howard then gave the "Carnaval de Venise," with variations composed by himself. A couple of songs by Mr. Wilson, and a set of quadrilles by the band, brought the concert to a close.—*Condensed from the Berwick Warrier.*

CLOSE OF MONT BLANC.

AFTER a run of two thousand nights—an accomplishment unprecedented in the history of entertainments—Mr. Albert Smith's Mont Blanc was brought to a termination on Tuesday evening. Our readers have been for some time made acquainted with the fact of the intended close of Mont Blanc, and of Mr. Albert Smith's determination to proceed to China to collect materials for a new entertainment. Whatever the public really thought, doubtless Mr. Albert Smith thought that the public thought the famous mountain of his predilection was growing hoary in more senses than one—in short, that he was getting antiquated, and that a more juvenile recreation would worthily fill his place. Not that the success of the "Mountain" had abated in the least; but that a little novelty might be welcome, and that other localities would present even more interest and instruction than the big Swiss hill with the white night-cap.

On Tuesday, then, the last performance was given, and, we need hardly state, the Egyptian Hall was crowded to suffocation. At the end Mr. Albert Smith came forward, and, the uproarious cheers with which he was received having subsided, delivered with infinite unction the following address:—

"MY LORDS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,—The period having arrived, when you require some relaxation from the incessant labour and fatigue you must have undergone during the last seven years, from hearing me tell the same long story over and over again, I feel a few words are due to you, from me, not only respecting the present but the future. The time has come—I can scarcely believe it—for me to say "Good-bye" to Mont Blanc; and there are so many old friends connected with it, that to me, it is rather like taking leave of a neighbourhood than a subject. For since you were first convened, in the spring of 1852, the numerous tourists I have presented to you have come to be so entirely a part and parcel of my own existence that at last I have actually believed in them myself as realities. It would not in the least astonish me, on my approaching voyage, to find my old friend, Mrs. Seymour, at Suez, in great distress because the transit camels had left her unfortunate black box behind at Cairo; or to meet the three Simmons Girls, still unmarried, going to India in the hopes of finding and catching that confiding heart, believing in tea, shirt-buttons, and partaken sorrows, whom they sought in vain in England—not simply nailing, but clenching, that sympathetic Nabob, with whom they might shake the pagoda tree, and collecting its golden fruit, retire to enjoy it in the lively circles of Leamington, Bath, and Cheltenham. One thing I have been told in confidence. Brown started from Southampton last Sunday, in the Pera, and I shall meet him at Malta, and so on; and I only received the information yesterday that my old friend Edwards had been appointed engineer to H. M. steam-tug *Cracker*, on the Canton river. So I may, perhaps, once more come across him.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE AREA AND GALLERY.—I have directed supplies of fresh seats to be laid under you before we next meet. Considering that the absolute comfort of the public is the very first thing that ought to be attended to, and the very last thing managers think about in any resort intended for, and supported by, them, without the compulsion of an extra payment—that the miserable system of extorting every extractable sixpence from the audience, by the combined agencies of box-keepers, box-book-keepers, bill-sellers, and saloon-keepers (in whose toils our managers appear to be so hopelessly entangled), is a shame and a disgrace to our public places of amusement—considering this, I shall still endeavour to improve your condition and prospects; your condition, as far as your individual ease is concerned; your prospects, as may relate to a clear, comfortable view of everything that is going on. As heretofore, every reasonable complaint or suggestion will receive my best and readiest attention; and as heretofore, the price of admission will include every possible auxiliary to comfort and accommodation that the room, or the attendants, can offer.

"MY LORDS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,—Having had the honour of telling you the same story in this room two thousand times up to this evening, I will not venture to refer to it, for you must know it almost as well as I do. But you must permit me to add, that I now release you from your flattering attention until December. As near as I can calculate, leaving Marseilles on Saturday, in the *Panther*, I shall meet the *Pera* from Southampton, at Malta, to-morrow week, and go on in her to Alexandria, which I shall reach on the 17th. Two days is now enough for crossing the desert to Suez. I start from that place on the 19th; and, after six days of the most intense heat in

the world, in the tropic of Cancer, on the Red Sea, I shall arrive at Aden on the 25th. On the 5th of August I touch at Point de Galle, Ceylon; and I hope to land at Hong Kong, and pass my first night in China on the 24th. Whilst thus able to fix those dates with such comparative certainty, from the admirable management of the service, let me publicly express my warm thanks to the Peninsular and Oriental Company for the exceeding kindness, liberality, and attention they have already shown me."

"My return may be calculated inversely, leaving China early in October. It is impossible to fix it precisely, but I hope to be with you all again, with the Cattle Show and the Pantomimes. And, until that time, wishing you every possible enjoyment and happiness, that you most desire yourselves, I bid you, very gratefully, GOOD BYE."

That John Chinaman may send back Albert Smith unscathed and full of matter is the anxious prayer of universal London.

TWO GREAT ARTISTS—GROS AND WEBER.

(From *Le Guide Musical*.)

ONE morning, Baron Gros had just entered the Pantheon in Paris, and was about to ascend the five hundred steps of scaffolding which led to the cupola, when he heard a somewhat lively discussion between the porter, whose task it was to keep the door conducting into the interior of the works, and a stranger, rather shabbily dressed. The latter was very eager to obtain permission to visit the admirable but still unfinished frescoes, of which all Paris was then talking. The doorkeeper said he could not disobey his orders, and was all the more obstinate in his resistance, as the young German had got only a franc-piece in his hand. Besides, the presence of Gros rendered it impossible for the Cerberus to yield to the temptation of taking even this trifle. The painter listened for a few instants to the dispute, for there was a *naïve* and impassioned expression in the stranger's solicitations and regret, while his manner, moreover, possessed that kind of distinction which arises less from contact with the world than from continued intimacy with elevated ideas and intellectual labour.

"Let the gentleman go up," said the painter to the doorkeeper. With these words, Gros himself ascended the staircase, as if to show the stranger the road he had to take, and which, although free from danger, could not fail to excite unusual emotion. At every step, the visitor perceived, through some hole in the open stairs, the immense height he had to ascend, and no one could have coldly looked down without affright at the formidable depth he left beneath him, as he went up the aerial staircase. Thanks to the practice he had in this kind of exercise, Gros ascended rapidly, but the young man, on the contrary, who was following him, was obliged to stop several times, in order not to be overcome by giddiness. His respiration, too, had become painful and difficult, and it seemed, every instant, as though his breath would altogether desert him. When, at last, after several halts, he reached the platform which constituted the artist's studio, he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and his lips were wet with blood.

Approaching his companion, Gros offered his services with an amount of interest for which the stranger thanked him by a silent gesture, for his difficulty of breathing was still too great for him to speak. A silence of a few minutes succeeded these marks of kindness, and, during this period, the two men, who were mutual strangers, looked at each other with curiosity.

In fact, if it was impossible to view with indifference, and without recognising a great artist, the noble though rustic head of Gros, his somewhat rough manners, and his walk, characterised by an awkwardness full of pride, the melancholy and suffering stamped on the stranger's features revealed a nature no less elevated. His hair, which, contrary to the fashion of the time, he wore long, encircled his pale face, and harmonised marvellously with his eyes, which were lighted up with feverish brilliancy. Grief and sickness, too, had prematurely furrowed his high forehead, to which he kept continually carrying his hand, with a gesture of pain.

The violent attack by which he had been so suddenly seized passed off gradually, and he was enabled to examine the fresco he had so eagerly desired to see. He began by contemplating it in silence, and then warmly expressed the feeling of admiration

with which it inspired him. He did so, however, not like a man who abandons himself to inconsiderate enthusiasm, but like one who judges art as an artist and intelligent connoisseur. The painter enjoyed his *incognito*, and listened with sweet satisfaction to the praises the stranger bestowed on his work.

"Germany has nothing to oppose to this masterpiece," said the stranger, sighing, as, worn out with fatigue, he came and seated himself near Gros.

"Germany possesses many other glorious things we envy her; Germany is the country of Spohr, and of Beethoven, a young man who is the author of an opera, entitled *Il Crociato*, which is going to be played at the Théâtre Italien."

"Giacomo Meyerbeer is one of my dearest friends! Ah! if Giacomo were only in Paris!" the stranger murmured, with a distressing sigh.

"Well, the Théâtre de l'Odéon (you can see its strangely arranged roof from where we are) owes its fortune to the most celebrated of your composers, namely, Weber."

"But, on the other hand, it has not made his," answered the stranger, bitterly. "The music of *Der Freischütz* has met with hospitality in France, but this has not been the case with its composer. He has not been able to obtain, in spite of his prayers (and you may judge what it cost him to formulate them), the least share of the money gained by his work! I doubt very much whether he will even obtain the benefit he solicits as a charity from those he has enriched. Oh! if Giacomo Meyerbeer were but here, Weber would never have appealed to these speculators, who are indifferent to the prayer an artist addresses to them, with a face crimsoned with shame: Weber would not have begged!"

"Do you know Weber, then?"

"Yes, sir, I do; I have known him from his infancy: I am acquainted with each separate sorrow of his existence, which is stamped with fatality! Of his existence of doubt and grief, in which there have only been some few lightning-flashes of glory, in order that the night might be more sombre and disastrous. You yourself shall say whether I am not right, sir."

"Would not Carl Maria Weber, a poor boy, born in Holstein, have been a hundred times more happy had he led a quiet life of poverty like the rest of his family, instead of leaving his mother—his dear, sainted mother,—and, when nine years old, following to Vienna a Danish professor named Heuschkel? The latter was, at any rate, good and affectionate. He occasionally manifested some little tenderness towards his pupil, but the two were soon obliged to part. The boy was compelled to leave him, and take his place among Michael Haydn's pupils! Haydn was an austere master, without pity for infancy, without forgiveness for a culprit of thirteen."

"Threats and punishment always accompanied him, and were not long in producing a feeling of such deep discouragement in Weber, that, one evening, the poor boy ran away from Haydn's house, and walked, alone, the distance which separated him from Munich. The fugitive's father wanted to send him back to Vienna, but his mother interceded for him, and his musical education was confided to Kalcher and to Valesi, an Italian. How he suffered! Merciful Heaven! he who was so gentle, and who cherished his mother so devotedly! Oh! how he suffered at being thus passed from hand to hand! treated like some inanimate thing, finding everywhere knowledge but never a caress, or a friendly hand to wipe away the tears wrung from him by the difficulties which beset his studies, the anguish of discouragement, and his doubts as to his vocation!"

"In this manner he passed his childhood; in this manner he saw his youth glide past. He then wrote a score to a most mediocre *libretto*, entitled *Die Macht der Liebe* (the Power of Love). The score was bad, and, when he read it to his masters, they shrugged their shoulders and said 'You will never be even a passable composer.' And yet, to become one, he had spent his boyhood far away from his mother! He had mournfully consumed his youth in the midst of ceaseless labour! You may fancy his despair! You may fancy his tears and prostration of spirit! For a whole year he did not produce one musical phrase, write a single note, or open a single score."

(To be continued.)

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